VOL. 11 NO. 272. JANUARY 1, 1887. PRICE 10 CENTS.

Judge

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, COPYRIGHT 1886.
BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO. OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE Potter Building, PARK ROW, NEW YORK

Henry W. Jaehne,
RECEIVES.
SING SING. A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President - - - - - - - - - - - W. J. ARKELL
Vice-President - - - - - - - - - HARRY R. HART
Art Department - - - - - - - - BERNHARD GILLAM
Editor - - - - - - - - - - - I. M. GREGORY
Advertising Manager - - - - FREDERICK W. NORTHAND

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS
UNITED STATES AND CANADA.
IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, ... $4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, ... 2.50
One copy, for 13 weeks, ... 1.25

Single copies 10 cents each.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
POTTER BUILDING, Park Row,
New York.

☞ JUDGE is for sale regularly at the American Exchange in Paris and the American Exchange in London.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND—Jimmy Husted's farewell tours.

TO FREE-TRADE CONGRESSMEN—If at first you don't succeed, fly, fly again.

IF THERE WERE NO BRIBERS there would be no bribed. How is that for a Tupperism, Jacob Sharp?

ARTICLE ON ART—In making New-year's calls late in the evening, remember that thrice armed is he who is not on a bust.

WHEN THE PEOPLE WANTED GRANT he never failed them. Now that the memory of the hero wants the people will they fail him?

AN EDITOR IN CHICAGO confessed that he had read Tennyson's latest, and the very next day they had another shock of earthquake in South Carolina.

JAEHNE TO MCQUADE.—"Hah! Happy New-year! What'll you have?" McQuade to Jaehne—"Same to you. About five years and a small fine."

THE JURY FIND that the Campbells must continue to live together. That isn't quite as bad as the penitentiary or the scaffold, but it is a terrible punishment.

IT HAS COST over $200,000 to send two boodlers to Sing Sing. Let justice be done though every lawyer become a millionaire and the city become bankrupt.

THERE IS IMPROVEMENT in the case of Sam Cox. He has given up joking. That means, of course, that there will be no more of those absurd speeches in behalf of free trade.

A CHICAGO CLERGYMAN says he would as soon go to a disreputable house on invitation as to the opera. There is a frankness of confession here which is greatly to be regretted.

THERE IS TALK OF arresting John Taylor of Utah for bigamy. That will not do. Mr. Taylor is no English aristocrat. He has only twelve or fifteen wives. He is merely a Mormon.

THE PRESIDENT, if we may believe the Brooklyn *Eagle*, has rheumatism regularly twice a year. This a breach of the civil-service regulations which must be looked into. We have always suspected that man.

SOME CHICAGO CLERGYMEN patronized the ballet the other night, and went home completely disgusted. We told the National opera company before it went west that it must get prettier and plumper girls.

WHEN THE LATE MR. SOLOMON declared there was nothing new, the inference being that nothing of that kind was possible, it is believed that he nurtured a mental reservation with respect to the JUDGE'S word contest.

IT HAS COME TO BE a custom to ridicule New-year's resolutions. The JUDGE will do nothing of the kind. The average man makes resolutions only once a year, and that evidence of progress, feeble as it is, must not be denied him.

LET US BE FAIR. The Buffalo *Express* makes Grover remark "Yaup" in reply to a question by Mrs. Cleveland. And that is malicious. Grover really understands the English language, and his affirmative is invariably "Yep."

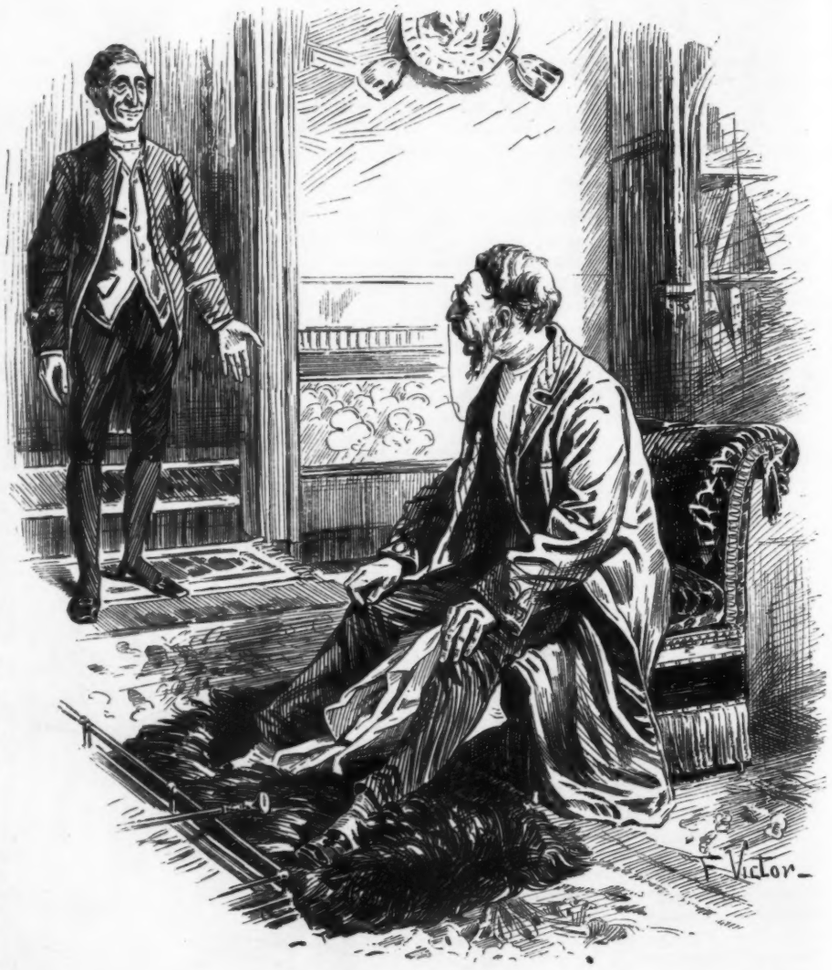
HENRY WATTERSON SAYS he wears nobody's collar. We cannot permit Henry's modesty to go to that extreme. The collar has not the length of Mr. Cleveland's, but it is really worn by a live man and it is long enough for all practical purposes.

SOUTHERN DAKOTA CONTEMPLATES a war with the purpose of forcing her way into the union. Here is an erring sister of a brand-new kind. Her secession is coercion; and whenever a state wants to do that sort of thing that is the way to do it.

THE GRANT FUND—THE WORD CONTEST.

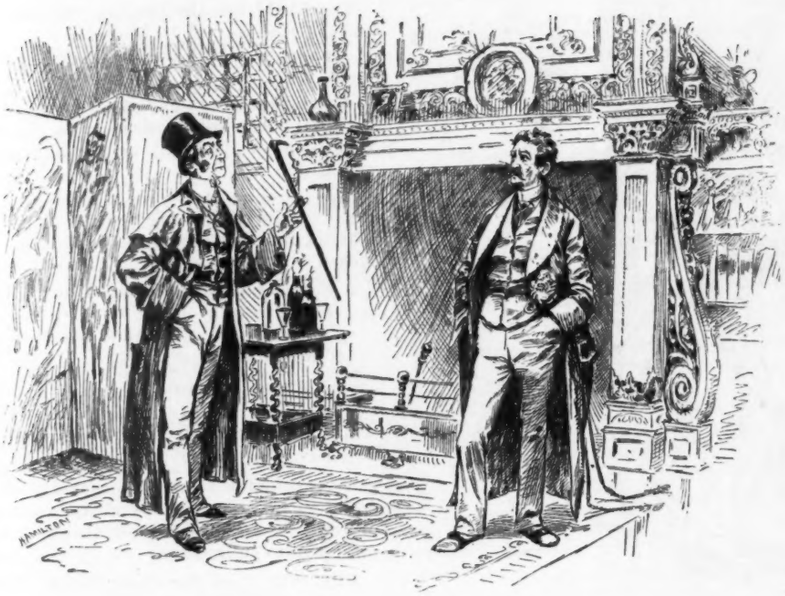
The JUDGE'S plan in behalf of the Grant monument fund has created an interest in this city, and the country through, which amounts to a genuine but thoroughly legitimate sensation. When one can help along a good cause and at the same time add to his own amusement, meanwhile producing a chance to win a considerable sum of money, he has achieved the hitherto difficult task of capturing three

THE ACME OF ANGLO-MANIA.



"Barker!"
"Yes, sir."
"Bring me some chopped ice, a bottle of soda and some bromide."
"Yes, sir; but I beg pardon, sir, you weren't drinking last night."
"No; but the prince of Wales attended a big dinner and I feel awfully rocky this morning."

SNAPPY NEW-YEAR.



Scene: Club, New-year's morning—FIRST HABITUE—"Making any calls to-day, old man?"
SECOND HABITUE (*wearily*)—"No; made one last night—broke me all up. Called on three kings; other fellow was in. I stay here to-day. No overcoat."

It shall be a glorious year for the world.
This the legend on the banner just unfurled:
There must no more boodlers be
In the light of liberty;
Guilt must hide itself in thee,
Sing Sing penitentiary,
Or within the silent Tombs,
With its sinfulness and glooms:
From the scaffold rope must dangle and be whirled.

We must comfort have, and peace,
And from nuisances release.
From the trade that is free
There must be delivery,
Or, with greater brevity,
From the sin Democracy.
Let us never English be,
Snob or aristocracy;
And the yearning for all English style must cease.

The woman with the large hat must go.
Too long she's been obstructive and a show.
If salvation is so free
That it's gushed at you and me
By an army that's cranky,
Let the fools abolished be.
The Kanucks and Mexico?
We'll annex them, don't you know,
And show them there is justice here below.

Lift up the banner of the year!
It is loaded with laughter and good cheer.
All its day may merry be,
Its nights filled with jollity.
Live you well and you shall see—
Always living temperately—
That you're pretty near to heaven
In the months of 'eighty-seven,
And to happiness you've read your title clear. G.

birds with one swoop. The mails are loaded with inquiries regarding the word contest. The authors of them are referred to the elaborate information presented on the second and third pages of the JUDGE cover.

ORDER IN ADVANCE!

The only way to be sure of getting the JUDGE is to subscribe for it regularly, or to order it of newsdealers in advance of publication. We cannot emphasize this suggestion too much. An immense edition of the Christmas JUDGE was printed, but two days after its publication not a copy could be had at this office for love or money. Since then orders have come in for at least 25,000 copies more than the number printed; but of course that means 25,000 disappointments. There is no need of this, but it is inevitable unless the JUDGE is ordered in advance of publication.

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES.

Nine years in prison and a fine of $5,000. Suppose the criminal got $20,000 for his vote—that leaves him $3,000 a year for his services to the state. It isn't so bad, particularly if his fellow-boodlers join in paying the costs of the defence. And to the man who sells himself the disgrace doesn't count for much—indeed, he is apt to look upon the proof of his boodleism as a sort of compliment. But the poor people! They say it has cost them over $65,000 to send this man up. What do you think of that?

OUR HANDSOME STATESMEN.

Of Cleveland, Manning and Miller the *Sun* says it considers the latter the handsomest and most graceful statesman. Handsome is as handsome does, and we dare say the *Sun* is unconsciously influenced in its judgment by Mr. Miller's admirable politics. This is more or less unjust to the other gentlemen mentioned, who really can't help believing as they do; but it at least shows that the *Sun* has ceased to give credit for beauty according to the bulk of the person judged. Mr. Miller, for instance, while thoroughly good, is very far from weighing 250 pounds, while Messrs Cleveland and Manning would easily tip the beam at that figure.

WHAT THEY FOUND IN THE STOCKING.

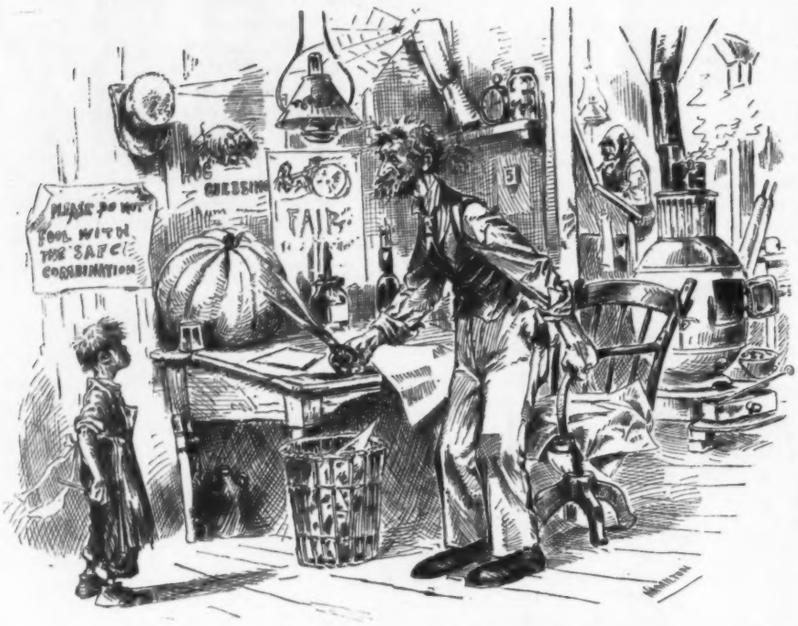
Lord and Lady Campbell got each a certificate of character, the same to be used only on

Continued on fourth page.

POKER DICE.

HEGSBERGER—"Bead dot off you can. Four sigses unt a seven sbot. Zwei bier, Fritzy."
HINKELSPIEL—"Holt on, Fritzy! Von fly-specgk aind goot fer no fife azes, unt I mighd shange dem."

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.



OFFICE-BOY (*gladly*)—"Dey's a jay jes' been in 'n paid a year's 'scription in 'dvance. Said he wanted ter start square with the world first of January."

EDITOR HUMTOWN BANNER—"Put the money in an envelope and mark it 'Conscience fund.' It's the only case I ever heard of."

by no means explains what he did with all that stolen money.

The *World* has the heading "Six Murders and the End not yet." Never have we heard of such unsuccessful murders in our lives before.

"He makes faces and busts," says somebody to the JUDGE, speaking of an artist. Having seen some of the faces, we should think he would.

Gail Hamilton does wrong to dislike young girls. If she will tax her memory a little she will discover that she used to be a young girl herself.

A Florida hotel announces "a bevy of beauties from the north" as waiters. To prevent a very natural mistake it should add that they are college beauties.

Some Bostonians want to prohibit smoking on the public streets. The next proposition will be to take in all the chimneys, because they have that bad habit too.

A Washington woman bid on and secured a dead-letter package, and found therein a pair of jeans trowsers. She is now looking around for a man to put in them.

Elias Polk, the colored body servant of President James K. Polk, has commenced to visit the white house. This apparently indicates that there is occasionally a little old-time Democracy around there, after all; though Mr. Cleveland does not pretend to understand the color of it.

their gravestones and by no means to be exhibited previous to their death.

Dr. Mary Walker found nothing in hers but the original hole in the heel.

Dr. Talmage was charmed with an invitation to the next French ball.

The president was gratified with a JUDGE circular relating to word-building.

Warner Miller got a certificate of election as senator, but on close inspection it was found to have a date of several years ago.

Alderman McQuade got a document guaranteeing him free board and lodging for seven years. He was so overpowered that he wept.

Two ex-representatives at Mexico received instructions as to how to mix climate and alcohol without producing inebriation, and the order to drink ten Mexicans under the table or stand disgraced for ten years at hard labor and with only bread and water to live on.

Hum of the Court.

What they said last week—That Explorer Stanley must go—in fact must Congo.

The last court question previous to the judgment—How stands the Wilbur F. Storey estate suit to-day?

"Is religion a minstrel show?" asks the Albany *Times*. Not at all—not at all. Religion has no show whatever in Albany.

Whenever a newspaper man is in want of copy he falls to and produces the old lie that Walt Whitman is in want of food.

Dr. McCosh has partially recovered, but as the president says nothing about Princeton in his message there is likely to be a relapse.

It is thought by some that the editor of the Saratoga *Journal* has recovered from his infatuation for a famous prima donna; but this

THE AGE OF ADVERTISING.

STONE-CUTTER—"I say, Pat, who is building this house?"

PAT—"I dunno shure, but Oi think he must be a corn docther be the soign yees be cuttin' on the stip."

"DEM PO' SKEE'D SHEEP."

An Old Fable Retold.

Da' wuz oncet er flock ob skee'd sheep whut run'd down enter de ribbah 'n drownded. I dunno weddah dem sheep wuz ob de one kin' er de uddah; I dunno weddah dem sheep wuz w'ite er brack—weddah dey wuz shea'd er *on*-shea'd—hongery er fat; dunno nuffin 'bout dem sheep 'cepp'n dis: Dem sheep—eb' las' one—wuz drownded, 'n dis de way et happen. De ole ram, he sez, sezze—kin' a-soshble-like, sezzee—"Gwine t' de ma'ket t'day, Mars Fahmah?" "Nope," sez Mars Fahmah, "ain't a-gwine." Ole ram cu'ous t' know fo' why; 'low'd da' wuz too much dus'? "Nope," sez Mars Fahmah; "right sma't showe' jes' fo' day." Ole ram 'low'd mebbe dat showe' lay de dus' *too* much? Mars Fahmah shake he head 'n say de road en prime cundish'n—all time look'n ve'y mys-*te*-ous. Et las' de ole ram he up 'n ax 'm, k'plump, fo' w'y he wuz'n' a-gwine? "Well, ef yo' *mus'* know," sez Mars Fahmah, "ka e da's sich a mighty sight ob wolfs. I's r'ally 'fea'd ef I 'temp' t' druv yo' t' ma'ket dat dem wolfs jump out 'n et yo' all up, hide 'n hoofs—'n dat's de troof! Des on'y las' week one ob de nabe's wuz a-druv'n ob de nices' passel ob sheep—mos' ez nice ez dis'n, Miste' ram—w'en—yo' see dem woods jes behine de furdes' co'n-fiel' obe' yan? Yes, on de lef'. Dem's de woods. Yes-sah, dem's de woods—right da'! Well, sah, Miste' Ram, sca'cely mo'n ez fer ez a run-n'n' jump f'um de fus' pos' 'n rail fence, on de off side ob de road—*'n en broad day, min' yo'*—(Well! yo' shed a-seen de ole ram's eyes; dey wuz mos' a-popp'n' out). "Den whut?" he say, a-trembel'n' like de agy; "*den whut?*" "Den whut!" sez Mars Fahmah, "nebbe yo' min' *whut*. I's done tol' yo' oncet, 'n I ain' a-gwine t' tell yo' no mo', 'n I ain' a-gwine t' no ma'ket t'day; no siree! 'spech'ly 's I's got some plowin' t' do." An' 'way he goes a-laugh'n' t' hese'l fit t' kill.

Well, de ole ram, he sez, a-tu'n'n' t' de sheep, sezzee: "Dem wolfs mighty bad! Dey am big 'n dey 'm hongery; 'n like ez not dey come a-sneak'n' up yer w'en Mars Fahmah a-snooz'n' 'n clumb right obe' dis yer fence! Run! *run!*" 'N so dey did; dey run'd. Dem po' skee'd sheep tuk right afte' de ole ram, dey did, 'n dey run'd, 'n run'd, 'n run'd tel dey fotch up k'chug! ente de deepes' cat-fish hole en de ribbe'.

'N dat whut Mars Fahmah git fer a-tell'n' dat fool ya'n t' dem po' skee'd sheep. B. ZIM.

THE TALE OF JACOB AND RACHEL.

A prominent New York journal recently had the following item:

"The clergy of Washington continue to denounce the kissing habit. Have the worthy reverends forgotten the case of the good man Jacob, who was so delighted when kissed by Rachel that he lifted up his eyes and wept."

Not so. Rachel did not kiss Jacob, and Jacob did not lift up his eyes and weep. The story as told in Genesis 29, 12, is, "And Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept." The truth of the matter was, Jacob was a stranger in the land, a tramp, and came up to the well, where a lot of hired men were watering stock. He saw a girl approaching, and began asking the men questions about her, presumably as tramps do now. The fellows were only common herdsmen, or else wanted some fun, and led him on. Rachel came to get a pitcher of water, and Jacob began to talk with her in a very familiar vein, and when he got near enough he very insolently finished up his taffy by deliberately kissing her. But Rachel had some muscle, and sense enough to resent the indignity, and the presumption is that she fetched a first class right-hander across his face, and made the tramp see stars. It must have hurt, for "he lifted up his voice;" in other words, he yelled. The blow smarted, for it brought the tears. Rachel then went home and told her father, who was the 'squire for that region. He took the matter in hand and the result was that Jake was sentenced to fourteen years' hard labor. Meanwhile Rachel grew up and took pity on and married him, as is usual in such cases. It is very evident that the esteemed New York paper has no bible in its office.

WHY NOT?

YOUNG WIFE—"Why, Clarence! what under the sun have you on your head? You look ridiculous."

HUSBAND—"Do I? Well those infernal turkey feathers on your hat make you look so outrageously tall and me so ridiculously short that I had to do it for self-protection; besides it combines the useful with the ornamental."

GENERALLY THE CASE.

"Do you think that God ever visits His divine judgment upon us for sins?" asked Mrs. Cobwigger, rather skeptically.

"Undoubtedly He does, my dear," answered the penitent Cobwigger.

"In what way, may I ask?" she anxiously inquired.

"By always making it slippery on New-year," chuckled the old man.

FULL FLEDGED.

"What experience have you had as a gauger?" asked a civil-service examiner of a candidate.

"Well," was the reply, "I made one hundred calls on New-year and I sampled the liquors wherever I went."

DIDN'T KNOW THE CLOTH.

"However did you get the heels all scraped off your shoes?" asked Cora.

"I was at a tobogganing party last night," replied Mamie.

"And didn't you know what to do with your feet?"

"Why, of course I did," was the scornful response; "but the gentleman in front of me was a minister, and I thought he might be offended if I put them up in his lap."

THE REASON WHY.

"This diary is only ruled out for January," said a gentleman in a book-store.

"Yes," replied the stationer; "our experience in the business has taught us that no one ever gets beyond the first month."

New-year is a good time to flirt, but it doesn't amount to much if you wish to put in any solid courting.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

A RONDEAU.

On New-year's day, black cake, old wine,
On antique side-boards, wreaths of pine
Surmounting panels rich and rare,
And maidens blithe and debonair,
With faces more or less divine;

And gilded youth who seek to shine
As *blase* fellows, still incline
To mildly flirt and fiercely stare,
On New-year's day.

The day in bibulous decline
Salutes the evening—beauty's shrine
Is most deserted—here and there
A fond few linger on the stair,
But Bacchus is the last supine
On New-year's day.

R. O. FOWLER.

THE RAFFLE AT O'RAFFERTY'S.

A CONTEST BY THE COLORED COTERIE FOR A GUINEA HEN GIVES OLD CHOCOLATE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY.

"W'o wants toe buy de las' chance an' leff de raffle proceed?"

The scene was O'Rafferty's grocery. The time, New-year's eve. The speaker Snoring Johnson, who stood on a nail-keg, holding a plucked Guinea hen aloft by the neck.

Seventeen Africans, fifteen of whom had spent seven cents each a ticket entitling them to throw dice for the hen, formed an interested company.

"Gem'n," continued Mr. Johnson, "a Guinea hen's meat am ez gamey ez pa'tridge. Dis hen am wuff nine shil'n. I on'y want seben cents mo'. W'o er de nex' man? Laik ez no de hol'er ob de las' ticket ull make de bigges' frow."

The two who had not taken chances were Old Chocolate and Hooter Jones. The former explained that he "wouldn' 'courage gam'lin'" by investing. Still he was willing to look on and gather points on which to base a moral dissertation. Hooter, a deacon in the church of the United Sons of Zebedee, seemed to have a suspicion as to the ownership of the Guinea hen, whose proportions he nevertheless lovingly studied as he asked:

"Wha' yo' git dat ar Guinea hen, Mistah Johnsing?"

"Dat er a impedence query—in oddah words, a leadin' queschun, Mistah Jones," replied the auctioneer, "an' am nudder heah er dar. I offah yo' a chance at dis hen fo' seben cents, an' yo' make a insinewashen instid ob a bid. W'en yo' walks intoe a groc'y stoah, Mistah Jones, toe trade, yo' doan' ask de groc'yman wha' he stole dat sugah er w'o he's dun robbed ob dem herrin', does yo'? Fuddahmo', de fedders er offen dis yer hen, an' w'o's gwine ter 'dentify a hen wid de fedders off? W'o'll scoop dis las' ticket?"

Hooter counted out seven cents, discovered gradually in various of

SAYINGS OF MRS. PUGWASH.

The hen stops laying as soon as eggs get dear.

It is the lawyer who always stands to reason.

We are not always the most tired after doing the most work.

It is the poker player who carries everything with a high hand.

There is nothing new under the sun, we are told; but this is no excuse for sending a chestnut to the editor.

Scientists tell us that washing the head will make the hair fall out. There are no bald-headed anarchists.

A SURE SIGN.

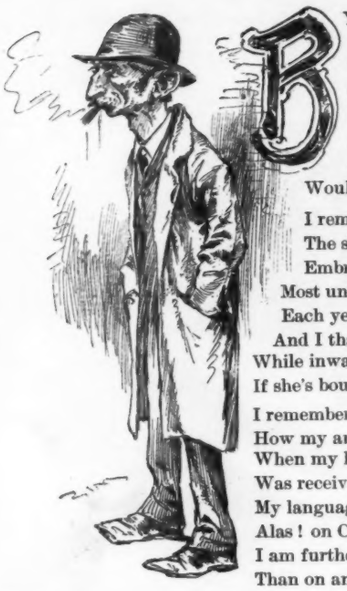
"What makes you think that Jones is married?" inquired Smith.

"Because," was the reply, "I see he has joined the club."

"FOUND AT LAST."

RURAL EXPLORER (first visit to the city)—"Well, by gosh! if ther hain't a real live Sandy Clus. I'll jus' shear around here and watch 'im tackle a chimly."

SOME DAYS THEREAFTER.



BY gracious! I remember
Many Christmases forlorn,
The ghastly way in which the bills
Came pouring in each morn;
They never, never ceased to come,
And I recall to-day
Just how I often wished the night
Would bear my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The slippers blue and white,
Embroidered o'er with roses
Most unnaturally bright.
Each year my wife presents them,
And I thank her with a smile;
While inwardly I wonder
If she's bought them with my "pile."

I remember, I remember,
How my angry passions rose
When my last year's gift to Bridget
Was received with tilted nose;
My language was not loud but deep—
Alas! on Christmas gay
I am further off from heaven
Than on any other day. HELEN THORNE.

HARD ON THE OLD GIRL.

MRS. HANDSOME (to her young husband)—"Um! If you call that young snip of a baker's girl pretty, I am not very far behind."

MR. H.—"Well, Lize, I'm afraid you'd have to run pretty darned hard to catch her, that's all."

his pockets, took the last ticket, and was given the first chance with three weatherbeaten dice which O'Rafferty handed over in a pint cup. He threw 33, and after intense excitement, during which the other holders of tickets struggled without avail to beat him, was awarded the Guinea hen and started for the door.

"Hol' on, dar!" "Wha' is yo' gwine, Mistah Jones?" and other cries brought Hooter to a halt and the query, "W'y—w'at's de 'stu'bance, gem'n?"

O'Rafferty, on the announcement of the result, had got behind his bar, and the assemblage had made in its direction.

"Did yo' ebbah win a fowl at a raffle befo' widout consolin' de unlucky, Mistah Jones?" queried Johnson.

"Dat's hit," remarked one of the rafflers who had thrown aces.

"Yez wud do well, me bucks, to hit the ball," put in O'Rafferty, with a suspicious movement toward a mallet lying on a cracker barrel.

"'Fo' de Lawd, gem'n, I ain't got a cent in my clo'," said Hooter.

"Oi'll resave the hin tull yez pay the shot," said O'Rafferty, and without more ado he strode out and took the trophy from Hooter, who relinquished it with a sigh and joined the crowd at the bar. Cider, whisky and gin were nominated to the value of $1.15. Hooter drank the cider and escaped. Snoring Johnson slipped out in his wake. O'Rafferty resumed the grocery business. The others joined Old Chocolate by the stove. He had been an unprejudiced observer, and remarked:

"Rafflin', gem'n, 'peahs to be a consid'ble frolic fo' dem as doan' win. De great trouble wid de mos' ob us am a too limber 'magination. We wants toe git suffin' fo' nuffin'. We allus look fo' boot in a trade dat awtah be eben. Yo' mus'n't 'spec' fo' toe haavest sweet 'tatahs wha' yo' plant aatichokes. Deacon Hootah Jones dun laan a lesson dis ebenin' dat awtah be wuff a hundred cents on de dollah toe him. He wanted fo' toe git dat Guinea hen fo' a song an' de Guinea hen got him. I nebbah see a man yit dat didn' hab toe weah out one pair ob fool's shoes, an' de mos' ob us am lucky ef we doan' git de secon' pair half soled an' heeled. Dis yer new yah yo' dat need refawmin' shud take hol' ob yo'selves by de coat collah an' yank yo'selves up on hiah groun'. I doan' see a man befo' me dat doan' drink w'enebbah he kin git de likwid er gam'le w'enebbah he er got ten cents er been dreemin'. Some ob yo' ull walk half a day twall yo' meet a mooly cow, a red waggin', an' a one-eyed dog so dat yo' kin make up a policy gig, an' yo' doan' strike a dollah in de policy shop no offener dan lightnin' strikes a haystack. Ef yo' ud spen' half de time an' fo' per cent ob de conjurin' on a job ob wuck, yo' might weah patent leathah shoes an' eat yo' vittles widout wondahin wha' yo' kin fin' anoddah groc'ry dat keeps a slate."

And Old Chocolate left the grocery with a sniff of contempt and the carriage of a fugleman. J. A. WALDRON.

ELYSIUM.

TRAMP—"Jerusalem! how I'd like to be inside for just fifteen minutes."

A law suit.

HIS PRESENT RESTING PLACE.

A PLEA FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT FUND.

IS OUR COUNTRY TOO MEAN TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF THE MAN WHO FOUGHT SO NOBLY TO PRESERVE ITS UNION?

THE BROKEN WISH.

DINAH—"Hol' on dar, you Silas! W-what you a wishin' foh?"
SILAS—"'Taint raight fer ter tell 'till she"—

Judge's Charge.

LET HIM GO.

An Elmira forger puts in the defence that he is a member of the White Cross and several temperance societies. He is really not bad. He merely does a little forging now and then, and he has a very fair excuse for that—he is an opium eater.

WITHOUT REFRESHMENTS.

"No champagne at my funeral!" exclaimed Congressman Price just before dying; and we think, ourselves, that champagne under such circumstances is liable to make the corpse feel lonesome and as if the funeral had been selected for a very cold day.

WHY?

It has been shown in numerous cases that women are as capable of murder as if they were men, and that the persons they kill are quite as dead as if men killed them. It has further been demonstrated that to save a murderess from the gallows does not bring her victim back to life. Why, then, should not the murderess be hanged?

SHE NEVER SINNED.

The fact that Lady Colin Campbell used to write three articles for every number of the *Saturday Review* shows conclusively that she must be innocent and that Lord Colin must be a fiend in human shape. And it is real generous in us to admit this, because the lady had a habit of pitching into the United States of America without pity and with not the slightest glove.

BEWARE THE TALL HAT!

Two discoveries of great importance have been made this week. The Buffalo *Courier* notes that almost all the women that wore high hats at one of the theatres in that city on a certain night were both old and homely. Almost simultaneously the JUDGE printed statistics to show that women wo wear tall hats are either bald or rapidly becoming so.—*Rochester Herald.*

The evil effects of this bad habit cannot be over-estimated. It is understood that the next number of the *Popular Science Monthly* will have an article showing that the tall hat is invariably accompanied by false teeth, and that its wearers, without an exception, are chronic sufferers from domestic differences that frequently raise the roof.

THEY MUST HAVE MORE OF THE BALLET.

The clergymen of Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis have declared open and unrelenting war on the ballet. Oddly enough, some of them went to see the ballet, that they might know what they were talking about, and immediately they were more determined in their opposition than before. Does this show that the ballet was bad? Not necessarily. Does it not rather show that the gentlemen ignored the beauty of face and curve and motion that they might vindicate the judgment they had previously formed? Let them patronize the ballet more and they will find, as they accustom themselves to it, that its most objectionable features lie in their imagination. As frank, square, honest men—and all that the clergy are—let them try the further experiment and then render a second judgment. We do assure them they will be surprised—and so will the ballet.

—"Bre'ke!"

AN UNAPPRECIATED PRESENT.

His wife's presentation remarks—"I selected them myself, dear. Aren't they nice?"

His words of acknowledge ment—"Superb, my love; but I think I can enjoy them better when I get down to the office, where I can borrow some drawing materal of my neighbor the architect."

WHILE THE YEAR IS CLOSING.

There was a man who never made a mistake. He was a happy man because thereof. The years touched him with dainty fingers, and crowded against each other to get within the warmth of his generous smile. The heat of the summer and the blasts of winter gave him blessings as they passed by. He lived that he might get rich, and got rich that he might add

to his complacency. He laughed with the world, and the world laughed back as if it liked his jolly company.

When the days grew brief and cold, and almanac and sign and sound told him that a new year was at hand, he laughed with even more than his wonted merriment. Time had gently pressed wrinkles in his face, and as gently frosted his hair and beard; but, looking back, he saw no separation, no sickness, no

death, no care. All that had come to him in wealth and been born to him in flesh and blood attended him through the days and months—nothing was lost. He had made no mistake, and chance had deen equally faithful, bringing him no injustice and no misfortune.

When the angels that are supposed to be more than usually near and familiar as the holidays advance—when those angels sailed upon this man, casually twanging their harps and unconsciously disposing their long skirts so that he might not clutch them and swing himself into paradise without being properly announced, they said one to another, "This man is doing well enough. There's no use of his dying. He's old enough, but there's no need of being in a hurry. He must inevitably beat everything of that kind. The grave cannot possibly have any victory over him. His released soul would recognize the situation in five minutes, and so enlighten his inanimate clay that it would burst the cerements before the closing of the funeral exercises. Let him remain." And so he stayed, year in and year out, gradually losing his rotundity, his hair, his teeth, his comeliness, down to the bone and nearly to its marrow, and having nothing of a robust nature left but the jolly laugh, which had come to crack the parchment of his cheek and make his earthly tenement rattle like the bones end of a wandering and weary band of minstrels.

In the shadows of the closing years as they crept on sat the usual heart-sick men and women, involuntarily reaching out for the happiness that hope had promised them as regularly as the year began, and never finding it. Possibly some pitying tenderness swept their cheeks, but they saw no angels between themselves and the silent stars. Vexation attended alike their action and their thoughts, and disappointment clung to them like a brother, poking their memory at times to the revival of such things as had better be forgotten. They had left behind all that they had cared to retain, and were encumbered with such things as they would gladly have escaped. "Vanity of vanities!" they finally exclaimed; "this is scarcely fair. Give us our share of the fun, and let your happy man take some of the misery. An even exchange is a legitimate commercial transaction, and the fates should favor us for once. Deliver up your perfect being that we may take of his abundance!"

Then a voice came from the upper atmosphere, "Behold, he's gone!"

"Dead?" they asked.

"Dead? No!" was the response in accents of surprise. "You know not whereof you talk. There is no such dignity for him. A puff of wind, a squeezed bladder with the bladder gone, the oozing out of idleness and vanity and worthlessness—pooh! he's gone.

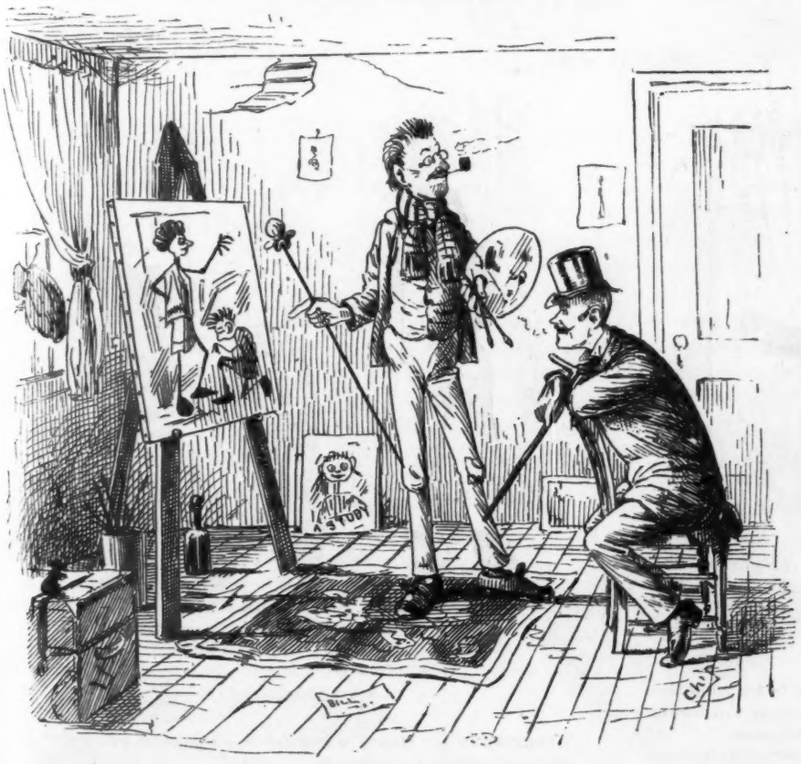
Get you on to this! You capture your reward though tribulation. You work for it. You suffer for it. It is the universal law. Lift your ears to this wisdom. Give your impatience to the winds. All will yet be well."

"And did that remarkable man have any brothers or sisters?" they asked, with eager curiosity.

"Never!" was the quick reply. "He was born all alone by himself, as he died, and there will never be another like him."

Whereupon they gave a great shout and set all the bells to ringing. G.

A STATE PRISON OFFENCE.



YOUNG ARTIST—"Well, Charley, what do you think I ought to get for this
CHARLIE.—"Six months."

HAD REASON TO EXPECT HIM.

First Police Official—"And you say you expect 'Billy, the Kid" here to-day to return the stolen property? I don't believe you'll ever see the crook.

Second Police—"Humph! He gave me his word as a gentleman he'd be here."

"She stoops to conquer."—After Abbey.

Judge and the Play.

A holiday seemphunny—A Christmas pantomime.

The most popular man in this administration is Mrs. Grover Cleveland. She removes her hat on entering a theatre and has already been nominated for a second term.

The Campbells have been coming since our earliest recollection. It is only recently, however, that the cable has brought us face to face with a realization of the fact that they have arrived.

They have a cool way of attracting people up at the Madison Square Garden. They keep cyclones on draft and decayed Indians on ice. There is an offensiveness about an over-fresh Sioux, however, which no artificial, machine-worked blizzard can overcome.

Mr. Harrigan gives early in January a new play entitled "McNooney's Visit." To several thousands of people this announcement will be as gratifying as a crammed Christ nas stocking.

Some people would have been dissatisfied with the condition of things existing at the time of Adam and Eve. Mrs. Langtry's new play, "Enemies," has been condemned in certain quarters because there is not enough of Mrs. Langtry to be seen in it.

Unless the Lily can work in a low-neck dress and a case of pneumonia in each act some one is going to kick. Apropos of this, we heard a woman remark on the opening night that she didn't care what was said, no one could extract emotion out of a tight-fitting basque, and if Langtry didn't give us more negligee and less respectability the play would prove a qualified fizzle. This same captious sinner went into ecstacies over the unsympathetic acting of Charles Coghlan, and likened Langtry's beauty to that of a prepossessing cow.

Current attractions—"Jim the Penman" at the Madison Square, "Moths" at Wallack's, "The O'Reagans" at the Park, the minstrels at Dockstader's, Margaret Mather at the Union Square, Helen Dauvray at the Lyceum and Mrs. Langtry at Niblo's.

Robert Downing wears the mantle of McCullough, not to say of Forrest—at least if he doesn't nobody else does. His Spartacus is done without the gloves—with bare knuckles, with lungs in primest order, with sinews at their best, with the entire will, heart and grip given up to the business in hand. Is this to say that the performance is coarse and overdone? Not at all. Mr. Downing gives Spartacus the robust character that Spartacus has, that is all. It is a remarkable performance, and Mr. Downing will be given directly all the honors of succession that his managers claim for him.

George P. Sims, the English playwright, on the first night of the production of the "The Lights of London" walked up and down the Thames embankment with his mind fixed upon committing suicide in the event of the play proving a failure. We have Anglomania in all its phases over here with this single exception, and yet our possibilities are greater than they are in England, or can ever hope to be. Our rivers are more numerous, more inviting, more accessible, and some of our plays ranker—still our playwright lives. To be in the swim is the noblest ambition of the present generation. Won't somebody immortalize himself—Mr. Charles H. Hoyt, for instance?

The prodigal son was hardly more welcome than a young man who at a reception on 49th street last Thursday, when the question "Who has some cigarettes?" was asked, promptly produced a package of Virginia Brights.

SAFE, SURE AND SPEEDY.

No external remedy every yet devised has so fully and unquestionably met these three prime conditions as successfully as ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They are safe because they contain no deleterious drugs and are manufactured upon scientific principles of medicine. They are sure because nothing goes into them except ingredients which are exactly adapted to the purposes for which a plaster is required. They are speedy in their action because their medicinal qualities go right to their work of relieving pain and restoring the natural and healthy performance of the functions of muscles, nerves, and skin.

HOLIDAY GAME.

HUSBAND.—"There, Maria! here comes that box of game tha George promised to send us for our Christmas from California. It must have been delayed about two weeks by snow."

WIFE.—"Oh dear! and just in time to save us buying our New-year's dinner. Won't it be deliciously gamey by this time?"

EXPRESSMAN.—"Here's a box for yer; charges $10. It's the strongest cheese I ever smelt."

SATISFACTORY.

He will "keep me at a distance'
For the future? Be it known
I'll rejoice at his persistence,
For he then must keep his own.

A CHANCE FOR A SMART MAN.

When an inventor appears who can make newspapers with all "column tops," or build hotels with all "second floor, front, corner rooms," he will be the biggest man this side of the moon.

In the meantime the public are going to have "the best thing there is so far," and in the hotel line this is found at the Sturtevant House, Broadway and 29th st., where the rooms are all good if not corner ones, and easily reached in a rapid, new elevator.

QUEER.

Bagley—"Whose dog is that?"
Bailey—"Mine."
Bagley—"Humph! He doesn't look anything like you."

Pure Tokay Wine

Possesses peculiar medicinal qualities and has attracted the attention of the medical fraternity the world over.
$7 per case (12 bottles) securely packed.
D. RICH & CO., 735 Broadway, New York.

A REMINDER.

'Twas at the depot;—they must part.
Cried he, "Forget me not, dear heart!"
"Never, no never!" she sobb'd in grief.
And the husband left in deep regret;
And the wife, so she might not forget,
Just tied a knot in her handkerchief.

Tradesmen resort to all sorts of devices to attract the attention of passers-by to their stores. The best thing for this purpose is the Electric Window Tapper, which can be had of the Empire City Electric Co., 779 Broadway.

A COMPLETE STOP.

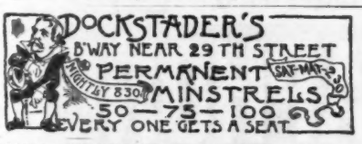
Conductor—"Here, my good fellow! don't you know that if you pull that strap in the middle you will ring both bells?"

Mike—"Faith, an' Oi know that as well as yerself. But it is both inds av the car Oi want ter stop."

Etching is growing more and more in public favor every day. The latest and best examples of the etcher's art can be seen at Klackner's, 17 East 17th street.

AMUSEMENTS.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
EDWARD HARRIGAN - - - - - - - Proprietor.
M. W. HANLEY - - - - - - - - - - - Sole Manager.
An Artistic Triumph and a Popular Success.
EDWARD HARRIGAN and **THE O'REAGANS** CROWDING THIS COSEY THEATRE NIGHTLY. Excrutiatingly funny from the rise to the fall of the curtain.
Mr. DAVE BRAHAM and his popular orchestra. Every evening at 8. Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 2.



MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
Mr. A. M. PALMER . . . . . Sole Manager.
Sir Charles Young's remarkable play,
JIM, THE PENMAN.
Matinee Saturday at 2 p. m.

WALLACK'S, BROADWAY AND 30TH ST.
Sole Prop. and Man'r . Mr. LESTER WALLACK.

MOTHS.

STEINWAY
THE STANDARD PIANOS OF THE WORLD!
The Largest Establishment in Existence.
Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

Prof. Doremus on Toilet Soaps:
"You have demonstrated that a PERFECTLY *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."*
CHAS. S. HIGGINS'S "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP,
Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants *.*

THEY GO TOGETHER.

Passenger on ocean steamer—"I suppose the company gives you great latitude in the management of the steamer while on a voyage?"

Captain—"No more latitude than longitude, sir."

MRS. PUGWASH ON NEW YEAR.

The proverbial new leaf has grown rather dog-earred from being continually turned over.

The postman always manages to have a letter for you on New Year's.

When we start a diary how unmomentous our life seems to become after the first month.

Few Yeae's is a great day for charity balls.

The bore is liable to find himself welcomed by a basket.

From the appearance of the thermometer it looks as if Jack Frost were going to leave us his card.

Some people expect to be paid for wishing you a happy New Year.

Those whom you think the least of always leave the prettiest cards.

People who don't think enough of you to call at other times, generally drop in on New Year's.

In making our good resolutions we are apt to forget how long the year is.

Procrastination has been the ruin of many a beautiful diary.

The JUDGE undoubtedly makes continual progress. Better cartoons have rarely been published. —*Hotel Mail.*

CURE FOR THE DEAF
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS **Perfectly Restore the Hearing,** and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, **FREE.** Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.
Mention this Paper

Lactated Food
The Physician's Favorite
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
Leading Physicians of all Schools, and sections voluntarily testily to its superior merit as
The Most NOURISHING, Most PALATABLE, Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods.
150 MEALS for an Infant for $1.00.
EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists—25c., 50c., $1.00.
☞ A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Champagne ANALYZED
Champagne, with a minimum of alcohol, is by far the wholesomest and possesses remarkable exhilarating power.
THOMAS KING CHAMBERS, M. D., F. R. C. P.,
Honorary Physician to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

Having occasion to investigate the question of wholesome beverages, I have made chemical analysis of the most prominent brands of Champagne.
I find G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry to contain in a marked degree less alcohol than the others. I therefore most cordially commend it not only for its purity but as the most wholesome of the Champagnes.
R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M. D., LL. D.,
Prof. Chemistry, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, N. Y.

Champagne, whilst only possessing the alcoholic strength of natural wines, is useful for exciting the flagging powers in case of exhaustion.
F. W. PAVY, M. D., F. R. S.,
Lecturer on Physiology at Guy's Hospital, London.

Champagne containing the smallest percentage of spirits is the most wholesome.
JOHN SWINBURNE, M. D.,
Former Health Officer of Port of New York.

Holiday Novelties! New-Year's Gifts!
AND SOUVENIRS.
Fine Hand Embroideries and Tapestries, Mexican Statuary, Burmese Pottery. Japanese and Green Rush Baskets, Music and Newspaper Holders.
Materials for Embroidery. Lessons Given.
DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO,
Broadway and 14th-st., New York.

A POTENT REMEDY
FOR
INDIGESTION, ACUTE AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC AND CASTRO-INTESTINAL CATARRH, VOMITING IN PREGNANCY, CHOLERA INFANTUM AND IN CONVALESCENCE FROM ACUTE DISEASES.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent to us the most FLATTERING OPINIONS upon DYGESTYLIN as a remedy for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

Price, $1.00

KIDDER'S
DIGESTYLIN
FOR INDIGESTION & DYSPEPSIA.

For 20 years we have manufactured the DIGESTIVE FERMENTS expressly for Physicians' use, and for the past year DIGESTYLIN has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent. It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great DIGESTIVE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements we would respectfully refer to the WHOLESALE and RETAIL DRUGGISTS of the country and PHYSICIANS generally. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS OR WM. F. KIDDER & CO., 83 John St., N. Y.

Prize £ 660 Prize £ 660

QUINA-LAROCHE

LAROCHE'S

QUININE-WINE

" It is an agreeable and doubtless highly efficacious remedy." (THE LANCET.)

This *Vinous-Elixir* is the most powerful and valuable of the preparations of quinine, as a strengthening and antifebrile restorative.

Been employed in cases of weakness and general debility, loss of appetite, changer of life, fever nervousness, exhaustion, etc.

Also prepared with **Iron** for *Anemia, Dyspepsia,* purifying the Blood, *Chlorosis,* for *Scrofulous Affections,* etc.

PARIS, 22, RUE DROUOT, 22, PARIS

E. FOUGERA & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S.

FURS! FURS!

SEALSKIN GARMENTS

ALL THE NEWEST SHAPES IN SEALSKIN GARMENTS. THE STYLES, QUALITY AND PRICES CANNOT BE BEATEN BY ANY HOUSE IN THE FUR TRADE.

HENRY SIEDE, Standard Furrier,

14 West 14th st. bet. 5th & 6th Avs. N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 35 YEARS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

Demand unprecedented. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST ENGRAVING FOR ALL ILLUSTRATIVE AND ADVERTISING PURPOSES

PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.

67 Park Place NEW YORK

ASTHMA CURED

GERMAN ASTHMA CURE

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, and insures comfortable sleep. NO WAITING for RESULTS. Being used by inhalation, its action is immediate, direct and certain, and a cure is the result in all curable cases. A single trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00 of any druggist, or by mail. Sample Free for stamp. Dr. E. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

JUDGE'S Clubbing Rates WITH POPULAR PAPERS And Magazines.

WE WILL SEND YOU FOR A YEAR

JUDGE and HARPER'S MAGAZINE for	$7.00
JUDGE and HARPER'S WEEKLY for	$7.00
JUDGE and HARPER'S BAZAR for	$7.00
JUDGE and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for	$6.00
JUDGE and THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for	$7.60
JUDGE and ST. NICHOLAS for	$6.00

Subscriptions are in all cases payable in advance Remittances may be made by P. O. Money-order, Registered Letter, Bank Check or Draft.

How to Save Money.

Wherever you live, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do while living at your own home at a profit of at least from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Either sex. All ages. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. All particulars free. Send along your address at once and all of the above will be proved to you. Nothing like it ever known to workingmen.

DECISIONS HANDED UP.

" AH-GOO!"

Vot vas id mine baby vas trying to say,
Ven I goes to hees crib at der preak of der day?
Und oudt vrom der planket peeps ten leedle toes,
So pink und so shveet as der fresh plooming rose.
Und twisting und curling dhemselves all aboudt,
Shust like dhey vas saying, "Ve vant to get oudt!"
Vhile dot baby looks oup, mit dhose bright eyes so plue,
Unb don'd could say nodings; shust only:
"Ah-Goo!"

Vot vas id mine dady was dinking aboudt,
Vhen dot thumb goes so quick in his shveet leedle mout',
Uud he looks right avay like he no undershtandt
Der reason he don'd could quite shvallow hees handt;
Und he digs mit dhose fingers righdt indo hees eyes,
Vhich fills hees oldt fader mid fear und surbrise:
Und vhen mit dhose shimmasdic dricks he vas droo,
He lay back and crow, and say nix budt:
"Ah-Goo!"

Vot makes dot shmall baby shmile, vhen hees ashleep;
Does he dink he vas blaying mit some von, "bo-peep?"
Der nurse say dhose shmiles vas der sign he hav de colic—
More like dot he dhreams he vas hafing some frolic;
I feeds dot nurse mit creen abbles some day,
Und dhen eef she shmiles, I pelief vot she say;
Vhen dot baby got cramps he find someding to do
Oxcept shmile, and blay und keep oup hees
"Ah-Goo!"

I ask me, somedimes, vhen I look in dot crib:
"Vil der shirdt-frondt von day dake der blace off dot bib?
Vill dot plue-eyed baby, dot pooling mine hair,
Know all vot I knows aboudt drouble and care?
Dhen I dink off der voridt, mit its pride und its sins,
Und I vish dot mineself und dot baby vas twins,
Und all der day long I noddings to do
Budt shust laugh und keep saying:
"Ah-Goo!"

—*Charles Follen Adams.*

THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS

Of Claremont Colony is due to the unusual inducements offered by J. F. Mancha, Claremont, Va.

The JUDGE has been improved until now it ranks as one of the best illustrated journals of the world. It is an able advocate of the Republican party and its principles. —*Pittsfield Old Flag.*

WINCHESTER'S

HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME and SODA is a matchless Remedy for **Consumption** in every stage of the disease. For **Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite,** and every form of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. ☞ BE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. $1 and $2 per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
162 William Street, New York.

OVER WORKED Women

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our *positive guarantee.* See wrapper around bottle. Price **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps.

Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

THE NEW PORTABLE

DYNAMO GAS IGNITER

PRICES FROM

$5.00 UP.

Contains no Battery.

ENTIRELY MECHANICAL.

WILL LAST FOR YEARS.

Liberal Discount to Trade.

THE

EMPIRE CITY ELECTRIC CO.,

Sole Agents.

779 BROADWAY.

Absolute. SAFETY FROM FIRE. Indorsed by Fire Underwriters.

Emerson's ALBUMENOID FOOD

FOR INFANTS DYSPEPTICS INVALIDS.

CONSTIPATION.

Send for Physicians' testimonals to

EMERSON MAN'F'G CO., 43 Park Place, New York.

PRICE $8, CARRIAGE PAID. WILL LAST A LIFE TIME. SEND FOR COPIES OF TESTIMONIALS.

DR. CARTER MOFFAT'S

AMMONIAPHONE

FREE on receipt of post card, "HISTORY OF THE AMMONIAPHONE," showing how thousands have been immediately relieved and promptly and permanently cured of

CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, | HAY FEVER, CONSUMPTION, and affections of | The Nose, Throat, Chest, and Bronchial Tubes,

By Inhalation of Artificial Italian Air, produced by Dr. CARTER MOFFAT'S unique invention. Over 250,000 instruments sold. Recommended by 4,800 doctors. The originals of 20,000 unsolicited reports received may be seen at the Company's Rooms, where the extraordinary utility of the Ammoniaphone is daily demonstrated by the Company's Medical Adviser, who will answer any inquiries, either personal or by letter, without charge.

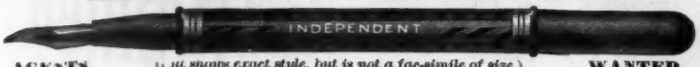
AMERICAN AMMONIAPHONE CO., LIMITED, 30 E. 14TH ST., NEW YORK.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

For 15 years has been a standard remedy with Physicians treating mental or nervous disorders. Not a secret. It aids in the bodily and wonderfully in the mental growth of children. Young men with impaired mental faculties can regain their strength by its use. It restores the energy lost by nervousness, debility, over-exertion; refreshes weakened vital powers in old or young. A Vital Phosphite, not a Laboratory Phosphate or soda water absurdity. It is used by the Emperor Dom Pedro, Bismarck, Gladstone and other great brain workers.

For sale by druggists, or mail, $1. **F. CROSBY CO., 56 West 25th Street, N. Y.**

INDEPENDENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



AGENTS (Cut shows exact style, but is not a fac-simile of size.) WANTED.

Inkstand and Penholder combined; fitted with best quality Gold Pen. This Pen is guaranteed perfect in all its parts Price, $2.00 and upward, according to size, Holder and Pen. Sent by mail on receipt of Price. We also manufacture a good, reliable Stylographic pen for $1 and upward. Send for circulars and price lists. J. ULBRICH & CO., 106 and 108 Liberty St., New York.

DEAFNESS Its causes and a new and successful CURE at your own home by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.
T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 31st St., New York City.

CATARRH CURED. SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE B.S.Lauderbach & Co., Newark, N. J

WARNER D'FORREST & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
LADIES', GENTS' & YOUTHS' KNIT UNDERWEAR
Established 1871. AMSTERDAM, N. Y.
W. J. BENJAMIN & CO., Exclusive Selling Agents.
NEW YORK OFFICE 28 WHITTES.

DAVIDSON & CO.,
TAILORS.
Cor. Beekman & William Sts.,
NEW YORK.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA

VICTORIA HOTEL,
5TH AVE., BROADWAY, 26TH AND 27TH STS.
One of the largest and most complete hotels in the city Thoroughly renovated and almost entirely refurnished. Rooms en suite and single. Cuisine unexcelled. Conducted on the American and European plan. Practically fireproof.
H. L. HOYT & CO., Proprietors

GEORGE WEST,
MANUFACTURER OF
GROCERS' BAGS,
BALLSTON SPA. - - New York.

OF INTEREST TO MEN
Manly Vigor, Weakness or Loss of Memory permanently restored by the use of an entirely new remedy, The Yerba Santa from Spain. Spanish Trochees never fail. Our illustrated, 32 page book and testimonials, (sent sealed). Every man should read it
VON GRAEF TROCHEE CO., 59 Park Place, New York. FREE

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

ARKELL & SMITHS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FLOUR SACKS
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

KELLOGGS & MILLER
PROPRIETORS
AMSTERDAM LINSEED OIL WORKS,
AMSTERDAM, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1824.

INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Fair widow—"Yes, that is my husband—the best, the kindest, the cleverest of"——

Jones.—"Ah, yes, my dear madam. As the divine Wordsworth says—

"'The good die first;
While those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the sockets!'" *Punch.*

3,000 BOOKS Supplied at from 30 to 60 per cent. discount and *postage paid.* Lists of books and full particulars free. Address The Literary Union, 29 Rose st., New York.

REV. T. P. CHILDS Will effectually and permanently CURE any case of Catarrh or Bronchitis, no matter how desperate. The Treatment is local as well as constitutional. Can only be got at Troy, O. We desire to treat those who have TRIED other remedies WITHOUT SUCCESS. **CATARRH**
Rev. T. P. Childs, Troy, O.

$1000 REWARD!
We offer $1000.00 Reward for a cough or throat trouble (last stages of disease excepted), which cannot be relieved by a proper use of Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Wafers. Sample free. Address
STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Ill.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES,
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

J. P. FELT. A. T. FELT.
JOSEPH P. FELT & CO.
ELECTROTYPERS,
No. 25 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.
METAL PLATES FOR ENGRAVERS A SPECIALTY.

HENRY LINDENMEYR,
Paper Ware House
15 & 17 BEEKMAN ST., N. Y.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

JUDSON'S "Indestructible" ENGLISH MARKING INK
Will not injure the most delicate fabrics. A stretcher for holding clothing while marking, given free to every purchaser. NO HEAT.
Price, 25c. AM. HEADQUARTERS, 46 Murray St., N. Y.

"My dear," said a young fellow to his best girl "please sing me a song—something new."

"Well, you know me," she replied as she sat down on the piano stool.

"That's pretty, very pretty, What's the name of it?"

"Papa's Footsteps."

"Good night; I hear them on the stairs."
—*Graphic*

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD

ELY'S CREAM BALM.
Gives relief at once and Cures
COLD in HEAD.
CATARRH.
HAY FEVER.
Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder, free from Injurious offensive odors.

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE-COLD, HAY-FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE
PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.
EASY TO USE
HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. 5 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circue.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

CARRIAGE RUGS,
TRAVELING RUGS, WRAPS and SHAWLS.
We have the largest and most elegant line of these goods in New York City, including many novelties that cannot be found at any other store. They are offered at very low prices.
E. A. NEWELL,
MEN'S OUTFITTER,
859 BROADWAY (one door above 17th St.)

THE "JUDGE" AND THE GRANT FUND.

Letters Pouring in About the Great Word-Building Problem.

LET THE MONUMENT RISE.

When the Bartholdi statue committee were downcast by the omission of the public to contribute the more than one hundred thousand dollars necessary to erect the pedestal, the *World* newspaper, by reiterated and varied forms of appeal and incitement, raised the money from the people. The idea in a different form has been taken up by our esteemed contemporary, JUDGE, in the interest of the languishing Grant monument fund, and with the sanction of the committee on that fund. The proposition of JUDGE is to offer prizes to the persons making the largest number of sentences out of the words and letters in the inquiry, "Who will be our next president?" The plan is novel and worthy and feasible. It is within the means of all. It gives all a chance to make the winning of a prize dependent only on their mental industry and alertness. It enables every one to benefit a patriotic endeavor and himself at the same time. The *Eagle* hopes that the JUDGE'S appeal to American sentiment and American interest will be eminently successful.—Brooklyn, N. Y., *Eagle.*

WORD-PUZZLES WITHOUT FENCES.

Prize word competitions have had a great run in London and probably will prove equally popular here. We recently directed attention to the astonishing array of advertisements of word-spelling lotteries published by that stanch organ of English aristocracy. *The Morning Post.* Those advertisements discloseed the fact that large sums could be raised for benevolent objects in tournaments of this class. The suggestion has been promptly taken up by our good-nature and enterprising contemporary. THE JUDGE.

Word-lotteries conducted on this basis are not only innocent and entertaining diversions for leisure hours, but they may also be made instructive and profitable employment. Young people who engage in the popular series of word-making games invariably derive literary and intellectual benefit from them. Not only are such games useful imparting an accurate knowledge of orthography and of the resources of the language, but they also tend to promote rapidity of intellectual action and the development of powers of observation. The prize-word competition under proper limitations can be converted into an equally useful educational agency. If the word chosen as a text be a reasonably short

THE TIRED OUT NEW YEARS CALLER.

STEADY NEW YEAR CALLER FOR FIFTEEN YEARS—"I'm getting along in years, and can't stand the racket. I have a boy to run this table, and get real nice and mellow, without leaving my chair."